THE LITTLE RED HEN

THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS

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Merry Christmas

To Agnes From Donald

THE LITTLE RED HEN

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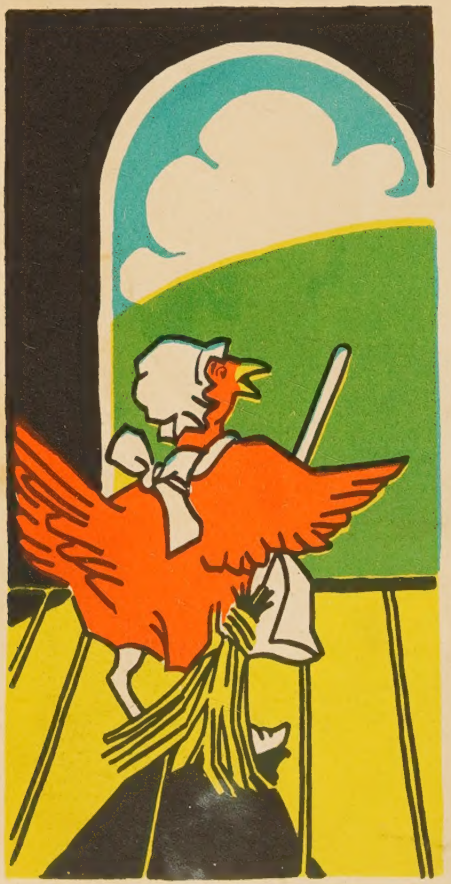
HADER

ONCE upon a time there was a Little Red Hen.

She lived in a little white house with a Frog and a Cat.

The Cat wouldn't do any work. The Frog wouldn't do any work either. The Little Red Hen had to do the work all by herself.



This is what happened one morning in the little white house.

The Little Red Hen said, "It's breakfast time. Who is going to build the fire?"

The Frog said, "I won't."

The Cat said, "I won't."

The Little Red Hen said, "I will."

So she built a fine hot fire in the stove.

"Who is going to bake a cake for breakfast?" asked the Little Red Hen.

The Frog said, "I won't."

The Cat said, "I won't."

The Little Red Hen said, "I will."

So she mixed the cake and put it in the oven to bake.

When the cake was in the oven, the Little Red Hen said, "Who is going to set the table for breakfast?"

The Frog said, "I won't."

The Cat said, "I won't."

The Little Red Hen said, "I will."
So she put all the dishes on the table.

The Little Red Hen looked in the oven and saw that the cake was finished. She took it out and put it on a plate and carried it toward the table.

The Cat had her napkin unfolded and was all ready to eat the cake.

The Frog had his knife in one hand and his fork in the other. He was all ready to eat the cake.

The Little Red Hen stood still and looked at them.

She said, "Who will eat the cake?"

The

Frog

said,

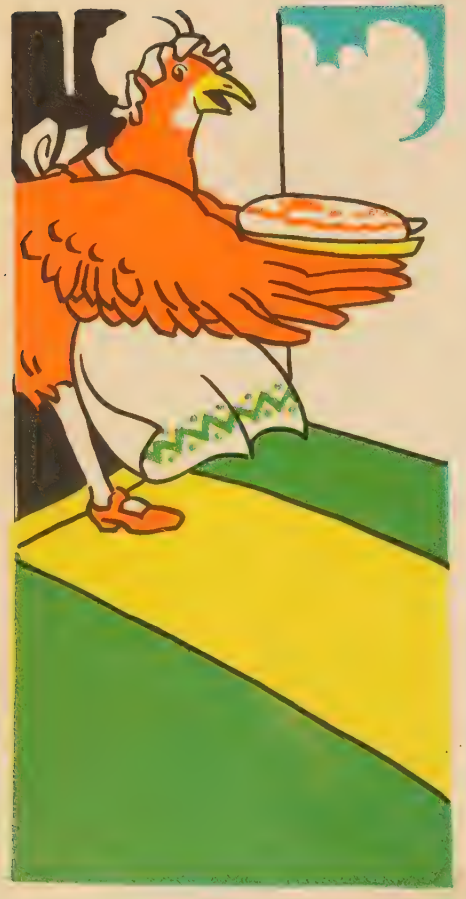
"I will."

The

Cat

said,

"I will."



But the Little Red Hen said, "No, you won't!"

And with the cake under her wing she flew right out the door.

On and on flew the Little Red Hen. At last she came to a hill where the sun was warm.

"Now," said the Little Red Hen, "I can eat all the cake myself."

On the other side of the hill lived the Fox family.

Father Fox woke up and yawned and stretched. He was very hungry.

The three little Foxes woke up. They cried and sulked. They were very hungry, too.

Mother Fox looked in the cupboard. There was nothing there for her family to eat for breakfast.

Father Fox picked up his big bag and went out to find them some food.

Over the hill he went, along the road.

Finally he came to a nice green, sunny field on the other side of the hill. There he stood still.

"That smell is nice. It must be fresh cake," he said.

He sniffed again.

"I smell a Little Red Hen, too," he said.

And sure enough, there was the Little Red Hen eating the cake.

The Fox walked quietly up behind her and popped her into his bag.

Then off he started toward home.

The Little Red Hen was very frightened.

She put her hand into her pocket to find her handkerchief and there she found her scissors.

Very carefully she cut a hole in the bag and stuck out her head. The Fox was just starting up a high hill, covered with big stones.

The Fox climbed the hill very slowly and the Little Red Hen had time to cut a big hole in the bag.

While the Fox was resting a minute she hopped out of the bag and found a big stone. She took the stone and put it into the bag.

When the Fox went on up the hill he thought, "How very heavy the Little Red Hen is."

Mother Fox and one of the little Foxes were waiting for him at the door.

"The kettle is on the fire and the water is boiling," she said when she saw he had something for breakfast.

She took off the lid and the steam came out in clouds.

The three little Foxes played on the floor.

They were happy because they were going to have some breakfast.

Father Fox took his bag off his shoulders and opened it. He turned it upside down and emptied it into the pot.

There was a great splash!

Some of the water, which was very hot, hit Father Fox but he was not badly burned because he jumped back quickly.

Father Fox went to the kettle and peeped in.

Mother Fox went to the kettle and peeped in.

The three little Foxes went to the kettle and peeped in.

And then they all laughed.

"The Little Red Hen was very clever," said Father Fox, "I'm glad she's safe."

Then he went out into the garden and picked some beets for breakfast.

The Little Red Hen waited till the Fox had disappeared and then she flew home. She flew very fast but it was dark before she saw her little white house.

When she reached the garden she heard someone say, "I wish the Little Red Hen were here."

It sounded like the Frog's voice.

Then she heard someone else say, "I wish the Little Red Hen were here."

It sounded like the Cat's voice.

"Here I am," said the Little Red Hen.

The Frog started to scrub the floor.

"I'll never be lazy again," he said.

The Cat began to wash the clothes.

"I'll never be lazy again," she said.

And the Frog never was lazy again.

And the Cat never was lazy again.

And the Little Red Hen never had been lazy at all so they all worked together in the little white house and were happy all the day long.

FINIS